Franklyn no Stalking!

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Franklyn no Stalking!

by that_squishy_robot

Summary

Franklyn learns of Hannibal's dangerous work in the FBI. He decides he must become his loyal protector. Even if Hannibal has no idea. Although his beloved Doctor seems to be spending to much time with a scruffy dangerous looking man. It worries Franklyn to no end.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Franklyn Froideveaux wasn't sure when his feelings for Dr. Lecter had turned from admiration to adoration. However, when they did, it hit him hard. It had started out innocently enough. He wanted to be the man's friend. Hannibal was intelligent, charming, and about the most attractive man he had ever met. They shared a certain plain of a lonely existence, no one else knew about. Franklyn liked to think his Doctor knew that.

Of course, they had many real world things in common as well. Their love of fine wines, operas, and of course cheese! Franklyn could only dream about the things they could do together, if only Hannibal didn't take his oath as a Doctor so strongly. What could he do in order to get an invitation to Hannibal's dinner table? To his home? To his heart?

Franklyn sighed. It would not be easy. Hannibal built up walls to protect himself, he couldn't understand that he didn't need them around Franklyn. He would protect him. It hurt, but he understood. It would take time, and he was more than willing. The start of his plan was to get the good Doctor used to seeing him. It would start with him visiting his office, after his hours just ended. After that, he would run into him certain places. Perhaps the supermarket, or maybe a nice play. Hannibal needed to see Franklyn outside the patient box.

He quietly walked into the waiting room, noticing the office door was open. Hannibal was with someone, but it did not seem like an appointment. The door would certainly be closed if that was the case. Then who was this scruffy man standing way too close to Dr. Lecter?

"I am so tired of this," The scruffy man sighed, taking off his glasses to rub his face.

Franklyn knew he shouldn't listen into their conversation, but he didn't like the looks of this other man. He seemed tense, like he might try and hurt the good Doctor. So he stood to the side of the wall where he could see and hear, but not be seen or heard.

"It is not quite as bad as it seems, dear Will."

Franklyn could hear the way the name rolled off Hannibal in only the fondest ways. He already didn't like this. Who was this Will? He didn't look like someone Hannibal should spend time with. He looked unstable, and rather unattractive… Even with those stupid broad shoulders and strong looking body…

"It is that bad. She couldn't stick with dragging my name through the mud, she had to bring you into it to."

"Ms. Lounds' blog will only go so far. People will see me as they always have. A simple doctor consulting for the FBI."

WHAT?! Hannibal worked with the FBI? No, that was so dangerous. Who knew what criminals wanted to hurt him? Who knew what they would plan to do to him? Hannibal was precious and should be treated as such, not pulled into dangerous situations by the FBI! This had to be this Will character's fault. He must have ruined Hannibal's life doing such things.

Will stayed quiet, letting Hannibal take over with soothing words yet again. “Will, you feel this way because you believe you brought me into your world, but it is quite the opposite. Now why not head back? You need a proper meal, and I would be happy to provide one.”

“I thought we agreed to drop the worried psychiatrist act.” Will laughed.

“Terribly sorry, sometimes I find it hard to turn off sometimes.”

Hannibal gently lifted Will’s head up, closing the space between them, just slightly.

“Dr. Lecter, I have brought some amazing cheese, that I am sure would pair well with a Malbec wine.” Franklyn shouted in a rather happy voice, considering he just stopped this Will from seducing Hannibal.

“Franklyn.” Hannibal said in a steady smooth voice. However, it did not sound the way he said Will’s. “I do not remember setting up an appointment with you, nor do I believe I would do so after hours.”

“Of course not! I am here as your friend! You seem stressed, come let the two of us sit, and enjoy the rest of the night.” He purposely left out Will, so he would get the hint that they did not want him here. He was making poor Doctor Lecter uncomfortable.

Will gave Hannibal a look, and Hannibal shook his head. It was like they were having some sort of telepathic communication. It annoyed Franklyn to no end, because Will had no right to read Hannibal's beautiful mind.

“It’s rude to not introduce me to your friend here, Doctor Lecter.” Will smirked.

How dare he say those words to the politest person known to man. Did he not know how much Hannibal hated rudeness?! At least the two of them were on formal titles, but Franklyn was not a fan of how Will said it.

“Of course. This is my patient Franklyn Froideveaux. Franklyn, this is my friend Special Agent William Graham.”

Friend!? FRIEND?! He referred to Franklyn as a patient, but referred to this scruffy hobo as a friend?

“Nice to meet you Mr. Graham.” Hannibal did not like rude. Be polite for the love of your life Franklyn. He offered his hand, which Will shook.

“Likewise.” Will said, taking his glasses from his pocket, then turning to Hannibal. “Have fun with your friend here. I’m gonna raid your liquor cabinet.”

“Do use a glass this time.” Hannibal sighed.

It was clear he did not want this ill-mannered man near… Wait, Hannibal didn’t have a liquor cabinet here in the office. Will Graham was going to be in his house. Only the elite were allowed in Hannibal’s house, and they certainly were not allowed to be there alone!

Will smirked, as he left the two of them alone. Even if he was going to be in Hannibal's house, the scruffy man would not be there with him. Rather Hannibal would enjoy a night here with Franklyn.

“Would you prefer Chèvre first or maybe Emmental…”

“I would prefer to discuss the fact you cannot show up to my office after hours, with such things. It is completely unethical.” Hannibal said sternly.

“Dr. Lecter… Hannibal. You do not have to hide away from me. I understand you. You understand me. There is no reason for us not to be friends.”

“Franklyn. I am not your friend. I am your psychiatrist, I am meant to steady you when you need it, but not to enjoy cheese platters with you.”

He said enjoy! Franklyn knew the harsh words were coming from a good place. Hannibal wanted to protect him.

“If this behavior continues, I will have no choice but to transfer you to another doctor.”

“A referral? Do you know how many times I have been transferred to another doctor? If you just give me a chance…”

“My word is final, Franklyn.” Hannibal left no room for argument, but that didn’t mean Franklyn would give up his quest.

“Now if you will excuse me, I must lock up and get home. I will see you on Tuesday for your next appointment.”

~

Franklyn couldn’t sleep. Not after everything that happened today. He needed to know what Doctor Lecter had gone through. Why the man felt the need to push Franklyn away. It was time for some research.

Hannibal and Will said something about a blog posting about them, as well as the person being someone named Lounds. It wasn’t that hard to find the blog TattleCrime. However what Franklyn saw absolutely horrified him. They were crime reports that would make any right-minded person sick. However, Will Graham seemed to be the star of the writing. They wrote him off as dangerous and unstable. ‘The FBI had a pet serial killer, to catch other serial killers.’ The article said.

Franklyn was right! Will Graham was dangerous! He even saw a psychiatrist… Who was apparently Doctor Hannibal Lecter. Now everything made sense. Doctor Lecter couldn’t blow the FBI’s cover, so that’s why he introduced Will as a friend, rather than a patient. Hannibal would never be friends with a man like that.

That didn’t really make Franklyn feel better though. This man was dangerous, he didn’t like the thought of him being around Hannibal. What if he hurt him… Or worse? Franklyn wouldn't be able to sleep tonight, if he didn’t make sure his beloved doctor was safe.

~

It was eleven o'clock by the time Franklyn made it to Hannibal's house. It was an amazing place, and Franklyn could only imagine the elaborate dinner parties the two of them would have. The projects they could do. The passionate… Discussions….

Hannibal hadn't gone to bed, rather he shed his coat and shoes, taking a position on the couch to read. Franklyn could see him through the large living room windows. The man looked beautiful bathed in the light of a nearby lamp.

Franklyn could only stare at the amazing image of him. If only he could have a picture… Of course it would be ruined by that drunkard, Will Graham. The scruffy man staggered his way down stairs, stopping near Hannibal… and he was wearing nothing but a thin t-shirt and boxers. Oh god, was he about to attack Hannibal!?

No. At least it didn't seem like it with the way Hannibal opened his arms to him. He was such a good man! Always taking care of others on or off the clock. Even if it was a drunk mess of man who was probably a serial killer.

Franklyn found himself falling even harder for his Doctor.

~

At this point, Franklyn finally had Hannibal's schedule fully memorized. He knew the man loved to maintain a perfect schedule each week, so Franklyn would have no issues 'accidentally' running into him. He wasn't being creepy or anything, he was just going to meet the doctor at his favorite organic grocery store. After all, it had many cheeses Franklyn would love to try. Only the elite shopped there as well, so it would be a perfect fit!

When Franklyn made his way into the store, he spotted Hannibal immediately… and Will Graham. Well he supposed the Doctor would probably feel responsible for his health.

"All I want is cheap whisky and snack cakes. This store has neither of those." Will sighed, leaning on the grocery cart.

"Hmm. Perhaps Macallan and a homemade Profiterole will suffice."

"I don't know what either of those are."

Franklyn walked up overhearing the conversation. He decided it was time to show off his superior knowledge of the finer things in life. "Macallan is a type of whisky that is similar to wine. It has a pretty high price tag, so no doubt you have never seen it." Franklyn said smugly Hannibal would be so proud of him for teaching this man something. "As for Profiterole, it is a classy french pastry that only experienced chefs can create."

Will regarded him with little emotion. If he found Franklyn intimidating, he didn't show it. However he would not make eye contact. So Franklyn took that as a plus.

“This is better than Jack Daniels and Zebra Cakes, why?” Will asked, tilting his head.

The action reminded Franklyn of a puppy, but that didn’t mean he couldn’t wait to keep tearing him down. He would have, if Hannibal hadn’t stepped in.

“Franklyn… I did not expect to run into you here.” Hannibal said, looking some what annoyed. It was to be expected, considering Will Graham was around.

“Oh yes. This is one of the best places to sample new cheeses. Perhaps you would join me?” Just ignore that annoying scruffy peasant.

“Have you forgotten about our discussion?”

“Whaaat? Of course not. I was just wondering… You know, since we were both here.”

Hannibal didn’t seemed like he believed him. Although Franklyn thought his explanation was pretty smooth. He didn’t believe that the Doctor would really refer him. The two of them just had to much in common.

“I already have plans with Will tonight, so I will not be able to take you up on your offer.” Hannibal said, a bit coldly.

“I see. Another time then…” Franklyn said sadly. He pretended not to see Will smirking.

“We’ll talk about this during your appointment tomorrow.” And then they were off… Together… Again…

Franklyn sighed. Will Graham was ruining everything he managed to build with the good Doctor. Hannibal couldn’t possibly like that man. There was no way they had anything in common. Maybe Will was blackmailing him. Before Franklyn realized it, he was following the pair around the store. On the other sides of aisles of course.

“Do you know another Will? Because this one is going home to his dogs tonight.” He heard Will finally break the silence.

The nerve of this man! Rejecting Hannibal this way. The good Doctor opened his home to him, and put up with his annoyances, for this!?

“One more night away from your dogs will not hurt you.”

“That’s what you said yesterday, and the day before that.”

“And you are still alive, correct?” Hannibal asked.

“I’m dying on the inside.”

Franklyn was having trouble understanding what was going on here. Why did Hannibal want this man around so badly? He would be be at Hannibal’s house all of the time. It would be near impossible to make him leave.

“Very well. We’ll need to buy more substantial ingredients for you home, as well as stop by my home for meat.”

“You’re coming with me?”

He’s going with him?

“I am coming with you.”

Will sighed, “Alright, but complain about my dogs and you sleep in your car.”

~

Well… Franklyn wasn’t exactly sure why or how he managed to get to Will Graham’s house, but here he was. It was a nice place, but to be honest it creeped the hell out of him. Why did he need to live so secluded? This place could be the set up for a horror movie… Or the den of a serial killer more likely. Franklyn couldn’t understand why Hannibal would walk willingly into the lion's den. Maybe the wolf’s den, since there were so many dogs.

Franklyn needed to make sure Hannibal would be ok. This place would be an easy place to kill someone. There may be a chance he has to run in to protect his beloved Doctor. That was why he was hiding in the bushes, in places he could see into the house. Everything was quiet, so he didn’t have to worry much.

After a few minutes of silence, Franklyn was starting to doze off. At least until something cold and wet was pushed into his face. He jerked awake, coming face to face with some kind of dog. Maybe a labrador retriever mutt. There was also some kind of scruffy white dog with an underbite. They were watching him with a certain curiosity, but no aggression.

“Shoo. Shoo.” Franklyn mumbled, trying to make sure the dogs didn’t give away his position. The last thing he needed was for Doctor Lecter to see him. There was literally way no way to explain why he was here. The dogs of course ignored him in favor of yipping excitedly.

“No. Shh… Fuck.”

There were more yips in the distance. How many dogs did Will have? There was a pack coming after him!

Franklyn jumped up and ran. There was no other choice. He had to make it to his car… Which was parked far away to avoid getting seen. The dogs were closing in on him, he couldn’t outrun them for very long. Were they going to attack him? Drag him back to Will to be slaughtered for dog food.

A loud whistle cut through the trees making Franklyn jump and run faster.

“Come on boys and girls!” He heard Will shout. The dogs stopped their pursuit to run back to their master.

Franklyn didn't stop running, until he practically dove into his car. That was to close. Hannibal seemed like he would be ok tonight. Plus Franklyn needed to be well rested for his appointment tomorrow.

~

"Good Morning Doctor Lecter!" Franklyn said excitedly, as he walked into the office.

"Good Morning Franklyn. I believe you will want to discuss everything that has happened this week." Hannibal said, perfectly masking any emotions.

"Actually I would love to talk about your week."

"Very well then. I seem to be having deja vu. I often see the same car in many places I go, as well as the same man. Would you happen to know anything about that?" Hannibal asked, folding his hands in front of his face.

"No. How strange…"

"Franklyn."

Something about the way Hannibal looked at him, made Franklyn give up all of his secrets.

"I was trying to get you used to seeing me, but after I met Will Graham I was worried he was dangerous. So I went home with you both to make sure you were safe." Franklyn finished out in a rush.

Hannibal's expression did not change. "Do you not find me capable of taking care of myself?"

"Of course not! You are the smartest most capable man I have ever met. But Will Graham is dangerous! You must have seem the blogs."

"Do you believe everything you read online."

"No…"

"Then you will know that Will Graham is no more dangerous to me, than I am to you."

Franklyn sighed, looking down. "Why are you so close to this patient and not me. We have so much in common."

"Will and I work together on a daily basis, he was never my patient."

"I don't want to talk about him anymore."

"Very well, this is your hour, what would you like to talk about?"

"I would like to know a little more about you. Just a little. It helps me relate more." Franklyn lied near the end. He just really wanted to know more about the man he wanted to give his

heart to. “Like where are you from.”

If Hannibal was annoyed he didn’t show it. “I am from Lithuania.”

“Wow! That’s why I could never place your accent! Do you speak Lithuanian?”

“Kuo daugiau jūs kalbate, tuo labiau aš noriu valgyti jums.” Hannibal said fluently.

Franklyn found himself blushing. The way each syllable rolled off the Doctor’s lips, it was hypnotic. He did his best to memorize each world so he could Google Translate it later.

“That aside, we need to move onto more important matters.”

“Oh, and what would that be?” Maybe a nice dinner after Doctor Lecter got off work? Or maybe he wanted to talk about how much he hated Will. That would be nice.

“It seems you have gotten to attached to me.”

“You are an easy man to get attached to.” Franklyn said smoothly.

“As that may be true. This is not going to help you. Your therapy is supposed to be about you, not me. I feel that the best course of action would be to refer you to another colleague of mine.”

“What?! No, Hannibal!”

“Doctor Lecter, please.”

“Doctor Lecter, you can’t refer me! You're the only psychiatrist I have ever made progress with. You are the only one who has ever helped me.” Franklyn was panicking, he stood up to pace around the room.

“You feel like you have made progress with me, because you have found away into my life.”

“God forbid we fall in love….Oh...”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. “Are you in love with me, Franklyn.” His whole demeanor was calm, and for some reason that bothered Franklyn.

“Yes! Ok!” Franklyn shouted. “I’m in love with you. I have tried so hard to get you to notice that! It was always you're my patient Franklyn. I am here to help you, Franklyn. Why can’t you help me by loving me?”

“Franklyn. I have been in a committed relationship for quite sometime now. Even without the constraints of our current relationship, I could never be what you want me to be.”

~

Franklyn was taking a long drive. It was all he could do in order to put his heart break in the back of his mind. He couldn’t believe that Doctor Lecter was already seeing someone. After

everything the two had been through. He wanted to find someone to blame, but it was his fault. He didn't try hard enough. At least he agreed to be Franklyn's psychiatrist for a bit longer, provided he get over him.

After a good hour of driving, Franklyn found himself somewhere in Wolftrap. It was would have been relatively normal, if he didn't see a scruffy man in an ugly plaid shirt. He was on the side of the road, kneeling in a ditch.

He pulled over curious to what he was doing. "Will Graham?"

Will muttered something under his breath, standing up. "Hey… Mr. Froideveaux. What can I do for you?"

"I would like to know what you're doing in a ditch in the middle of the night." He still didn't really like the man, but once again he could be here trying to kill someone.

"There's a dog in this drainage culvert, I want to take him home." Will sighed. "He won't come out and I don't have anything to lure him out with."

"Oh, well I have some cheese in my car, will that work."

"Sure, but isn't it that really expensive stuff?"

"Of course, but I would never leave a Canine companion in need." Franklyn said, despite the fact Will's dogs had almost killed him. He enjoyed playing the part of the hero. He quickly jogged to his car and pulled out the gift basket full of cheese.

Will took it and gently coaxed the dog out of it's hiding spot. It was a scrawny long haired dachshund, that looked like it could use a good bath and brushing.

"Aww he's cute." Franklyn cooed, leaning down to pet the small dog. It didn't like him, but it was the thought that counted.

"Well since you gave up your expensive cheese, you get to name the dog, sound fair." Will Graham was smiling at him. A beautiful smile, reaching up to his amazing blue eyes.

Franklyn found himself blushing. "Oh, I um… Ah, Zimbro!" He said when he finally found the words to.

"Is that a type of cheese, that sounds like a type of cheese."

"...Yeah.."

"I like it. It fits him." Once Will Graham laughed, Franklyn knew he was doomed.

"Thanks for your help, Mr. Froideveaux. Zimbro and I will see you around."

Will walked back to his old jeep, leaving Franklyn frozen for a moment.

~

Franklyn may have lost one love, but it seems he found another. Everything he thought about Will was so wrong. He was like a superhero. Using his powers to protect the unknowing public. He was in Franklyn's head all of the time now. He needed to find out when Will met with Doctor Lecter, that way he could see him again.

Speaking of Doctor Lecter, Franklyn never figured out what that Lithuanian phrase meant. He pulled up a translator and wrote the phrase in the best way he could.

'The more you talk, the more I think about eating you.'

Oh…. he said that… But he said he wasn't interested in Franklyn. He... He wants to eat him. Oh dear. Maybe this wasn't the end of his feelings for Doctor Lecter. Although Will Graham had so easily stolen his heart. Maybe the three of them could… Together.

End Notes

Whiskey and Zebra Cakes wrote this.

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